

# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP : THE SEVENTH CUSTOMER AND THE MANDARIN

BY FERGUS HUME.

There was something very queer about that lacquer mandarin; and something still queerer about the man who pawned it. The toy itself was simply two balls placed together; the top ball, a small one, was the head, masked with a quaintly painted face of porcelain and surmounted by a pagoda-shaped hat jingling with tiny golden bells. The larger ball below was the body, gayly tinted to imitate the official dress of a great Chinese lord; and therefrom two little arms terminating in porcelain hands, exquisitely finished even to the long nails, protruded in a most comical fashion. Weighed decorously within the mandarin would keep over this side and that, to a perilous angle, but he never went over altogether. When set in motion the big ball would roll, the arms would wag, and the head nod gravely, a little red tongue thrusting itself out at every bow. Then the golden balls would chime melodiously, and, rolling, wagging, nodding, the mandarin made all who beheld him laugh with his innocent antics. He was worthy, in all his painted beauty, to be immortalized by Hans Andersen.

"A very pretty toy," said Hagar, as the quaint thing tipped itself right and left, front and back. "It comes from China, I suppose?"

She asked this question of the customer, who demanded \$2 on the figure; but in place of answering her he burst out into a hoarse laugh and leered unpleasantly at the girl.

"Comes from other side of Nowhere, I reckon, missus," he said, in a hoarse voice; "and a bloomin' rum piece of goods 'tis, anyhow!"

Hagar did not like the man's looks at all, although she was by no means exacting on the score of personal beauty—especially with regard to the face. Still, there was something brutal about this fellow which revolted her every sense. He had a bullet head, with a crop of closely cut hair, a clean shaven face of a blue-black hue where the beard had been removed; a low forehead, a snub nose, a large, ugly mouth, and two cunning gray eyes which never looked any one straight in the face. This attractive gentleman wore a corduroy suit, a red linen handkerchief from his throat, and a fur cap with earflaps on his head. Also he carried a small black pipe between his teeth, and breathed therefrom an atmosphere of the vilest tobacco. Certainly the toy was queer; but the man was queerer. Not at all the sort of person likely to be in possession of so delicate a work of Chinese art and fancy.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Hagar, drawing her black brows together and touching with one finger the swaying mandarin.

"It's all on the square, missus," growled the man in an injured tone. "I didn't prig the blessed thing, if that's yer law. A pal o' mine as is a sailor brought it from Lord-knows-where an' giv' it to me. I want mine, I do; so 'f you kin spring two quid—"

"I'll give you 20 shillings," said Hagar, cutting him short.

"Oh, my bloomin' eyes; if this ain't robbery an' blue murder!" whined the man, "twenty shillings, the fun you gits out of it's worth more!"

"That's my offer—take it or leave it. I don't believe you came honestly by it, and I'm running a risk in taking it." "Sling us the blunt, then," said the customer, sullenly; "it's the likes of you as grinds down the likes of me! Yah! you an' yer preachin'!"

"In whose name am I to make out the ticket?" asked Hagar coldly.

In the name of Mr. William Smith—Larky Bill they calls me, but I ain't hettikit to put hendearin' family names on pawn tickets. I lives in Sawdery alley, Whitechapel."

"Why didn't you go to a nearer pawnshop, then?" said Hagar, taking down Mr. Smith's address, without smiling at his would-be wit.

"That's my biz," retorted Bill, scowling. "Er, gimme the tin; an' don't you ask no questions an' you won't be tof no lies! D'ye see?"

"Here's the money and the ticket. Take yourself and your insolence out of my shop. Quick!"

"I'm gitting," growled the man, shuffling toward the door. "See 'er, missus! I comes to this shop 'ere three months, or it may be four. If it ain't all right an' 'anded up to me proper, I'll break yer neck!"

"What's that you say?" Hagar was over the counter and close at hand by this time. Larky Bill rubbed his teeth, "I've been gettin' less from the beak; but I've bested Monkey anyhow."

And with that, Larky Bill turned on his heel and went to Whitechapel. There his forbodings were realized, for at the very door of his own house in Sawdery alley he was taken in charge by a grim policeman and sent to prison for three months. He had stolen some fruit off a coter's cart row on the day previous to his arrest and quite expected to be—as he phrased it—babbled for the theft. Therefore he employed the small remnant of free—still remaining to him, in pawning the mandarin in the most distant pawnshop he could think of, which happened to be Hagar's. As Mr. Smith left the court to do his four months, a wizened-faced man slouched close to him.

"Bill," he growled, edging against the policeman, "where's that doll?"

"That's all right, Monkey! I've put it where you won't git it!" grunted Smith.

When the Black Maria passed, with Bill inside, the man he called Monkey stood on the edge of the pavement and cursed freely till a policeman moved him on. He had a particular desire to gain possession of that doll, as he called it, and was on this account that Larky Bill had taken the trouble to hide it. Monkey never thought of a pawnshop. It was a case of diamond and one rogue had outwitted the other.

In the meantime Hagar, quite unaware of the value attached to the Chinese toy, placed it away among other pawned articles upon a high shelf. But it did not always remain there, for Bolker, a child in many ways, notwithstanding his precocious intelligence, found it out, and frequently took it down to play with. Hagar would not have permitted this had she known, as the toy was given into her charge to keep safe, and she would have been afraid of Bolker's gilding the painting or rubbing off the gliding. Bolker knew this, and was clever enough to play

with the mandarin only when Hagar was absent. He placed it on the counter and made it sway in its quaint fashion. The waving arms, the nodding head, and the roseleaf of a tongue slipping in and out enchanted the lad, and he would amuse himself for hours with it. It was strange that a gilded top, no doubt made for the amusement of some Chinese emperor, should descend to afford pleasure to an Arab of London City. But the mandarin was an exile from the flowery land, and rocked as merrily in the dingy pawnshop as ever he had done in the porcelain palaces of Peking.

A month or two after the mandarin had been pawned Bolker announced in the most unexpected manner that he intended to better himself. He had been given, he said, the post of shop boy in a West End booksellers' establishment, and as he was fond of literature he intended to accept it. Hagar rather wondered that any one should have placed sufficient confidence in this Arab to give him a situation, but she kept her wonderment to herself, and permitted him to go. She was sorry to lose the benefit of his acute intelligence, but personally she had no great love for this scampish hunchback; so she saw him depart without displaying much sorrow. Thus Bolker vanished from the pawnshop and from Carby's crescent, and ascended into higher spheres.

Nothing new happened after his departure. The mandarin remained untouched on the shelf, and the dust collected over his motionless figure. Hagar quite forgot about the toy and its pawner; and it was only when Larky Bill was released from prison and came to claim his property that she recalled the incident. She took down the figure, dusted it carefully, and set it swaying on the counter before Mr. Smith. Neither Bill nor Hagar noticed that it did not roll as easily and gracefully as usual.

"Here's the quid and interest and ticket," said Bill, tendering all three. "I'm glad to get this 'ere back again. No one's touched it, ave they?"

"No. It has been on that shelf ever since you pawned it. Where have you been?"

Larky Bill grinned. "I've been stayin' at a country 'ouse of mine fur my 'ealth's sake," he said, tucking the mandarin under his arm. "Say missus, a cove called Monkey didn't come smel-in' 'round 'ere fur this himage?"

"Not that I know of. Nobody asked for the toy."

"Guess it's all right," chuckled Bill, gleefully. "Lord, to think as how I've done that bloke! Won't he cuss when he knows as I've got 'em!"

What "them" were Mr. Smith did not condescend to explain at that particular moment. He nodded familiarly to Hagar and went off, still chuckling with the mandarin in charge. Hagar put away the money and thought that she had seen the last of Bill; but she reckoned wrongly. Two hours afterward he was back in the shop, mandarin and all, with a pale face, a wild eye, and a mouth full of abuse. At first he swore at large without giving any explanation; so Hagar waited till the bad language was ended, and then asked him quietly what was the matter. For answer Bill plumped down the Chinese toy on the counter and clutched his fur cap with both hands.

"Matter, cuss you!" he shrieked, furiously. "As if ye didn't know! I've been robbed!"

"Robbed? What nonsense are you talking? And what have I to do with your being robbed?"

Bill gasped and pointed to the mandarin, who was rolling complacently with a fat smile on his porcelain visage. "That's that doll!" he spluttered. "I've been robbed!"

"Of the doll?" asked Hagar, impatiently.

"Y' young Jeezabel! Of the dimins—dimins!"

"Diamonds!" echoed the girl, starting back in astonishment.

"Yes! Y' know, hang you, y' know! Twenty thousand 'poun' of dimins! They was in that doll—inside 'im. They ain't there now! Why not? 'Cause you've robbed me!"

"I did not know that there were any jewels concealed in the mandarin," said Hagar, calmly. "Had I known I should have informed the police."

"Blown the gas, would ye? An' why?"

"Because a man in your position does not possess diamonds unless he steals them. And now I think of it," added Hagar, quickly, "about the time you pawned this toy Lady Deacey's jewels were stolen. You stole them!"

"Robbed! Robbed! I didn't," growled Bill, mentally cursing Hagar for the acuteness of her understanding. "Tany rate, 'twarn't your biz to prig 'em!"

"I tell you I never touched them; I did not know they were in there!"

"Then who did, cuss you? When I giv' you the doll the dimins was inside; now they ain't. Who took 'em?"

"I don't know. It was certainly odd that the diamonds should have been stolen. She had placed the mandarin on the shelf on the day of its arrival, and had not removed it again until she had returned it to its owner. Seeing her silent, Bill turned the toy upside down, and removed a square morsel of the lacquer, which fitted in so perfectly as to seem like one whole piece. Within was the dark hollow of the ball—empty."

"I put them dimins into 'ere with my own 'and," persisted Bill, pointing one grimy finger at the gap; "they were 'ere when I popped it; they ain't 'ere now. Where are they? Who's bin playin' with my property?"

"Bolker!" cried Hagar, without thinking. It had just flashed across her mind that one day she had found Bolker amusing himself with the mandarin. At that time she had thought nothing of it, but had replaced the toy on its shelf and forbidden the lad to meddle with it. But now, recalling the episode, and connecting it with Bolker's sudden departure, she felt convinced that the imp had stolen the concealed jewels. But—she wondered—how had he become cognizant that twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds were hidden in the hollow body of the doll? The thing puzzled her.

"Bolker!" echoed Larky Bill, wrathfully. "And who may that cuss be?"

"He was my shop boy; but he left three months ago to better himself."

"I desay! With my dimins, I'll bet. Where is he, that I may get his bloomin' throat?"

"I shan't tell you," said Hagar, alarmed by the brutal threat of the man, and already regretting that she had been so candid.

"I'll make you! I'll twist your neck!" roared Bill, mad with anger.

He placed his great hands on the counter to vault over; but the next



"I'll Twist Your Neck."

moment he dropped back before the shining tube of a neat little revolver, which leveled itself in Hagar's hands. She had lately purchased it for defense.

"I keep this always by me," said she, calmly, "to protect myself against such rogues as you!"

Bill stared at her blankly, then turned on his heel and left the shop. At the door he paused and shook his fist.

"I'll find that Bolker, and smash the life out of him!" he said, hoarsely; "then, my fine madam, I'll come back to lay you out!" after which he vanished, leaving the mandarin, with its stormy smile, still rocking on the counter.

Hagar put away the pistol, and took up the figure. Now that she knew about the diamonds, and had forced Bill to admit as he had done indirectly, that they had been stolen from Lady Deacey, she thought it possible that the Chinese toy might belong to the same owner. In spite of her fearlessness, Hagar was not altogether happy in her mind as regards the burglar. If he did not find the diamonds he was quite capable of returning to murder her. On the whole Hagar concluded that it would be just as well for society a large, and herself in particular if Mr. Smith were restored to the prison whence he had lately emerged. After some consideration she resolved to see Vark, the lawyer, and tell him the episode of the mandarin, taking the image with her as evidence. Vark, if any one would be able to deal with the intricacies of the affair.

In the meantime, Bill Smith had repaired to the public house which guarded the narrow entrance to Carby's crescent, and there was drowning his sorrows in strong drink. As he drained his tankard of ale he fell into conversation with the fat landlord—a brutal looking prize fighter, who looked as though he had been in jail—a bird of the eyes of Bolker, and he thought that his last hour had come. To save himself there was nothing for it but confession.

"Wait! wait! I'll tell you!" he gasped. "I did take the diamonds."

"Y' young cuss!" growled Bill, setting the lad on his feet again with a jerk. "An' 'ow did y' know they was inside that himage?"

"Monkey told me."

Bill started to his feet with an oath, but still kept his grip on Bolker's shoulder to prevent him getting away. "Monkey," he said, fiercely. "Wot did 'e tell y'?"

"Why, that Lady Deacey's diamonds were inside the mandarin."

"How did Monkey come to find that out?"

"He got the office from a girl called Eliza, who saw you pawning the toy."

"Is sold now," muttered Bill. "I thought I saw you pawning the toy."

"Is sold now," muttered Bill. "I thought I saw you pawning the toy."

"Is sold now," muttered Bill. "I thought I saw you pawning the toy."

thought I saw'er on that day. She mus' ha' twigged that doll over m' arm and guessed as I popped it. Gorr! I'll deal with 'er later. I will! Gorr, y' dorg, and tell me th' rest!"

He added, shaking the boy, "There is no more to tell," whimpered Bolker, his teeth chattering. "Monkey couldn't get the mandarin, 'cause he had not the ticket. He made friends with me, and asked me to steal it. I wouldn't, until he told me why he wanted it. Then he said that you had stolen twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds from Lady Deacey's house in Curzon street, and had hidden them in the mandarin. He said wot 'ow whack if I'd steal them for him. I couldn't get the mandarin, as Hagar's so sharp she would have missed it and put me in jail for stealing it; so I opened the doll, and took out the diamonds, which were in a leather bag."

"Moy bag, moy dimins!" said Bill, savagely. "What did y' do with 'em?"

"I gave them to Monkey, and he cleared out with them. He never gave me a single one, and I don't know where to find him."

"I does," growled Mr. Smith, releasing Bolker. "An' I'll fin' 'm and slit his bloomin' throat. 'Erre! I say, y' come back," for, taking advantage of his release, Bolker was racing up the wharf. Bill gave chase, as he wanted to obtain further information from the lad; but Bolker knew the neighborhood better than the burglar, and soon eluded him in the winding alleys.

"It don't matter," said Bill, giving up the chase and wiping his brow. "Monkey's got the swag. Might ha' guessed as he'd round on me. I'll just see 'im and Liz, and if I don't make 'em pay fur this, may I—!" Then he clinched his resolve with an oath which it is unnecessary to repeat here.

After relieving his feelings thus, he went in search of his perfidious friend, with murderous thoughts in his heart. At first he thought that it would be difficult to find Monkey. No doubt the man obtaining the diamonds had gone off to America, North or South, so as to escape the vengeance of his pal—Bill had always been Monkey's friend—and to live comfortably on the fruits of his villainy. Later on the burglar learned, rather to his surprise, that Monkey was still in London, and still was haunting the thieves' quarter of Whitechapel. Bill wondered at this choice of a residence when the man had so much money in his possession, but he ascribed this longing to Monkey's love for his old haunts and associates. Nevertheless, knowing that Bill was out of prison, it was strange that the man did not look after his skin.

"E knows wot I am when I'm riz!" said Bill to himself, as he continued his search, "so 'e ought to get off while 'is throat ain't cut! Blimey, but I'll 'ave a drop of 'is 'eart blood for every one of them bloomin' dimins!"

One evening he found Monkey in the parlor of a low public house called the Three Kings, and kept by a Jew of ill-fame, who was rather a fence than a landlord.

His traitorous friend, more wizened and shriveled up than ever, was seated in a dark corner, with an unlighted pipe in his mouth, a half-trained tankard of bitter before him, and his hands thrust moodily into his pockets. If Monkey had the diamonds, his appearance belied their possession, for he looked anything but prosperous. There was no appearance of wealth in his looks or manner or choice of abode.

"Wot, Bill, ole pal," he said, looking up when Mr. Smith hurried himself into the room. "Y've got 'out of quod?"

"Yus! I've got 'out to slit yer throat!"

"Lor!" whined Monkey, uncomfortably. "Wot's you accusin' me fur? I ain't done nuffin', s'elp me!"

"I did squeeze the 'eart out o' him!"

"Wot fur? Didn't 'e git y' the swag—moy swag—cuss y'!"

"No, 'e didn't, an' ef 'e sez 'e did, 'e's a liar—a bloomin' buster! Bustard, s'elp me! I tell you, Bill, 'e kep' them shiners to 'imself, cuss 'im!"

"That's a d-d lie, y' sneak-in' dorg!" said Bill, politely.

"M' I die if 'tain't gorspel truth!" yelled Monkey. "Look 'ee 'ere, ole pal!"

"Don't y' call me pal!" interrupted Bill, savagely. "I ain't no pal o' yours, y' terbaccer-faced son of a bloomin' 'angman! Liz blew the gaff on me popin' that himage, and y' tried to git m' swag when I was doin' time. An' y' did get it, y'—"

"I didn't," snapped Monkey, interrupting in his turn. "The kid stuck to the swag, I tell y'. 'Course I knowed of them dimins!"

"Course y' did," growled William, ironically. "Didn't I tell y' 'er rack-er that crib in Curzon street, an' priggish th' dimins an' th' himage? Yah! y' cuss."

"I knows y' did, Bill. An' you tole me 'ow y' stowed the swag inside the doll. My heye, that was sharp o' y'; but y' moight 'ev trusted me. I didn't know y' popped the doll till Liz told me. She saw y' goin' in t' that popshirp with the Chinner thing under yer arm; an'—"

"And you'd set 'er arter me!" cried Bill, savagely. "She didn't git int' Lambeth on the chance!"

"Yus," said Monkey, doggedly. "I did put 'er on yer trail, y' hid the dimins in that himage, and cleared out with it. I collared 'er feller myself, so I set Liz out 'er. She stole me as 'ow y'd popped th' thing; so when y' wos doin' time I tried to git it again, tho' that young cuss 'es sold me."

"Blimey, but I've a mind to slit y' throat," said Bill, furiously. "Wot d' y' mean tryin' to collar my swag?"

Why, fur yer own sake, Bill, s'elp me! I thort the gal might fit out. But y' needn't git up, Bill; I didn't git them dimins. The boy 'es them."

"That's a lie, I tell y'!"

"Tain't! When I tole the kid about the dimins he stole 'em sure, an' 'er left 'em so 'es the pawnshop gal wouldn't fin' 'em out. But I never saw 'im again, though I watched the shorp 'er clear out with them dimins. 'Erre! I'd 'im 'ere! I'd choke the little d—!"

Bill reflected, and slipped the knife into his pocket. Without doubt Monkey was speaking the truth; he was too savagely in earnest to be telling a falsehood. Moreover, if he really possessed the diamonds, he would not remain hard up and miserable in the thieves' quarter of dingy Whitechapel. No; Bolker had kept the jewels and had deceived Monkey; more than that, in the interview on the ruined wharf he had deceived Bill himself. Priding himself on his astuteness, Mr. Smith felt savage at having been sold by a mere boy.

"I kin only git 'im agin'" he thought, when leaving the Three Kings. "I'll take the 'ead off 'm and chuck 'is crooked karkus int' the river mud!"

But he found it difficult to lay hands on Bolker, although far more than a week he haunted the shop in Leicester square. Warned by his own experience that Bill was a dangerous person to meddle with, Bolker had given notice to his employers, and at present was in hiding. Also he was arranging a little scheme whereby to rid himself of Larky Bill's inopportunities. Vark was the man who undertook to carry out the details of the scheme; and Hagar was consulted also with regard to its completion. These three people, Vark, Hagar, and Bolker, laid an ingenious trap for unsuspecting Bill, into which he walked without a thought of

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with

danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, and taking his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance, lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill, with grim deliberation. "I don't wantone of yer bloomin' lip, ner leas eather! D'ye see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey, with